

The distressed Virgin:

O. R.

The false Young-man, and the constant Maid,
The qualities of them both displaid.

To an excellent new Tune.



A thousand times my love commend,
to him that hath my heart in hold,
I tooke him for my dearest friend,
his Love I more esteem'd than Gold.
When that mine eyes did see his face,
and that mine eares had heard his voyce,
his Love I freely did embrace,
my heart told me he was my choice.

Had he still continued true,
and in affection permanent,
Had he performed what was due,
then had I found true hearts content:
But he, regardless of his vow,
which he did make to me before,
Hath thus in sorrow left me now,
my former follies to deplore.

Would I had never seen those eyes,
that (like attractive Adamants)
Did my poore heart with love surprize,
the power of love so me enchants.
I have no power to leave his love,
though with sterne hate he me pursue,
To him I will most constant prove,
though he be faithlesse and untrue.

I put my finger unto the bush,
thinking the sweetest Rose to find,
I prickt my finger to the bone,
and yet I left the Rose behind:
If roses be such prickling flowers,
they must be gathered when they're green,
But he that loves an unkind Love,
alas, he roves against the streame.

O, would he but conceit be aright,
the griefe that I for him sustaine,
He could not chuse but change his sight
to faithfull love, and leave disdain.
I love to have him still in place,
his too long absence makes me mourne,
Yet he disdaines to see my face,
and holds my company in scorn.

It grieves my heart full sore to thinke,
that he whom I so dearly love,
Should thus refuse with me to drinke,
yet can my passion ne're remoue:
Though he, I know, could with my death,
so great is his inbetwixt hate,
Yet I could sooner lose my breath,
than see him wrong'd in name or state.

All hap had I to come in place,
where first I saw his tempting loke,
As lone as I beheld his face,
I Cupids prisoner straight was toke:
And never since that fatalle houre
I have enjoyed one minutes rest,
The thought of him is of such power,
it never can forsake my breast.

Then was I stricke with Cupids Dart,
then was my heart captivated,
Then did I vow that still my heart
should rest with him though he hated:
Then did he make a thew of love,
which did much more my heart enflame,
But now he doth perfidious prove,
and gives me cause his love to blame.

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The second part, To the same tune.



Nay more, he made a vowe to me,
that I should be his wedded wife,
And he forsakes me now I see,
which makes me weary of my life:
I little thought what now I finde,
that youngmen could dissemble so,
sure he is the falsest of his kinde,
ill hap have I to prove him so.

Could any man be so hard-hearted,
to leave a harmlesse maid in griefe:
From me all comfort cleane is parted,
unlesse his labours grant reliefe.
He is the man that bred my paine,
he is the man whose love alone
must be the salve to cure my paine,
or else my life will soone be gone.

O faithlesse wretch, consider well
that Heaven abhorreth perjury:
Great torments are prepar'd in Hell
for them that thus will sweare and lye.
Oh hadst thou never made a show
of love, thou hadst erewhile thy blame:
But thy false heart full well doth know
what oaths thy perjur'd tongue did frame.

What obstacle that hinders me
is that which I suspect full sore:
His trust growes on some other tree,
and he is seduced by some whore:
Or else he hath some other Lasse,
perhaps like me, a harmlesse Maide,
whom he may bring to such a passe,
as I am brought by Cupids aide.

Oh Heavens forbid that any one,
that beares an honest loving mind,
should thus have cause to grieve and moan,
for such a knave that shames his kind.
But why should I as passions mote,
with bitter words upon him rase,
whom I am ever bound to love,
untill my vitall spirit faile.

So let Love forgive my labrish tongue,
if I offend in any sort:
To recompence the for that wrong,
He alwayes give thee good report,
Although to me thou art unkind,
who never gave thee any cause:
Yet I am still resolv'd in mind,
never to breake Gods Cupids Lawes.

And if I never be thy wife,
(which is the thing I justly claime)
I how to live a single life,
and never thinke of Lovers game.
But why speake I of life, when death
doth every minute claime his due:
I cannot long retaine my breath,
having a Lover so untrue.

Let all true Lovers iudge aright,
in what a case poore soule am I:
Come gentle death, and worke thy sight,
for now I am prepar'd to dye:
O Heaven forgive my Love his wrong,
done unto me a Maiden pure,
who for his sake must dye ere long,
for long my life cannot endure.